
Title: Vaen Swiftar-Biography

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Chapter 1 - Childhood

Vaen Swiftar was born into a family of honor in the small town of Minoc. He was always taught to honor his commitments, whatever they may be. He was taught to make "giving his word" something that all who know him can believe in. But most of all, Vaen was born and raised to be a man with the heart of a lover, and the strength of a fighter.

Like most children, Vaen enjoyed being outside with his friends. His best friend, Marcus Stanim, would frequent the Swiftar house from a nearby city called Vesper. His father, Gerta Stanim, would accompany Marcus in order to protect him on his way. In the many visits that Gerta had to the Swiftar Property in Minoc, Gerta became very fond of the land. He seemed jealous in the sense that he did not have such land around Vesper. It became very apparent that Gerta was very interested in owning the land.

Marcus and Vaen would sword fight each other at the age of three. They were playing with some dulled knives that Firal Swiftar, Vaen's father, had made for them.

These two were the best of friends, and everyone thought that this bond could not be broken.

One day as Gerta Stanim was coming to retrieve his son Marcus from the Swiftar's, Gerta seemed a little strange. A slight twitching in his head that was never there before was now very apparent. As Pryat, Vaen's mother, answered the door, she was quickly met with a blade through her chest. Firal and Vaen ran to her in time to catch her body, but the blade had done enough damage already, for she was dead. Gerta grabbed the sobbing Marcus, and quickly ran off towards Vesper, screaming, "This land will be mine!"

Chapter 2 - War of Families

Wake up, eat, train, rest, train, eat, and sleep. This is the routine that Vaen had lived by ever since he was eight years old. His older brother, Talen Swiftar, tried to convince Vaen that hand to hand combat is not the best way to go about things. Talen had taken in the art of animal care, and was very familiar with forming mutual bonds with even the strongest of beasts. Vaen, however, was not interested. He believed that if something were to be done out of revenge, it would be done by the person themselves.

Vaen wanted more than anything to join the ranks of the war. He watched as some of the

Swiftar Family and their friends charged into battle against some of the Stanim Family and their friends, and dreamed about how glorious battle was. Vaen simply could not wait until he got his first kill.

Years passed, and Vaen was now seventeen. He quickly joined in the ranks of the war, eagerly awaiting his first battle. But no Stanims came, not for weeks. Had they finally given up?

One day, while Vaen was doing business in a provisioner's shop in Minoc, Gerta and Marcus were walking about. Gerta just looked at Vaen and smiled, and then patted Marcus on the back. Marcus gave a weak smile, and started to walk towards Vaen.

"Vaen... arm yourself."

"Marcus...?!"

Marcus sighed. "Vaen, arm yourself."

Vaen nodded in disappointment, knowing that neither him nor Marcus wanted to continue with this. They walked outside to the eastern wall of the bank. Both of them armed their swords, and squared off. Marcus charged forward, slashing at Vaen's right shoulder, but Vaen quickly dodged it and struck Marcus in the back with the butt-end of his sword. Marcus groaned, but quickly recovered and they squared off again.

"Kill him, Marcus!" yelled
Gerta from the side.

Marcus nodded slowly,
closing his eyes tight. He
then took another charge
at Vaen and slashed at
Vaen's left hip, but Vaen
jumped back and quickly
struck Marcus with the
flat of his blade, causing
Marcus to fumble
backwards. Marcus, now
getting irritated, charged
once more with his sword
out in front of him. Vaen
dodged to the side and
swung his blade around,
just barely missing
Marcus. Marcus quickly
turned and slashed
diagonally towards Vaen's
chest, but Vaen put his
arm up in defense, and
the blade ripped through
Vaen's armor, causing a
large gash to form in his
arm. Vaen groaned, and
looked at his arm, and
then looked at his old
friend. Vaen realized that
this was not going to end
with him and his old
friend walking away
laughing. No longer was
this a playful fight. This
was a fight to win. Vaen
tightened his grip on his
blade and charged towards
Marcus, swinging with all
of his might. Vaen
slashed at Marcus's left
arm, his right leg, and at
Marcus's head, causing
gashes in his limbs and
cutting off Marcus's left
ear. Marcus cried in
agony, dropping his sword.
Vaen quickly dropped his
sword and went to the
aid of his friend, hoping
that he was wrong and
that Marcus and he would
once again laugh with
each other. As soon as
Vaen went to look at
Marcus's ear, Marcus
pulled a dagger from his

boot and stabbed Vaen in the shoulder. Vaen shouted, and grabbed the dagger from Marcus, and stabbed him in the heart, killing him. Vaen turned to Gerta, who already had his mace ready, and was quickly struck down by a fierce blow to the back. "How does it feel to kill your best friend, Vaen?"

"No....Better....than to....send...your son....to death...."

Gerta laughed, and lifted his mace high in the air, but just before he could swing it down on to Vaen...

"Swiftare, Kill!" screamed Talen from the north. A large white wyrm, Swiftare, Talen's best beast, flew down and tackled Gerta, and started to bite at his limbs and trample his body. Within a few short seconds, Gerta was lifeless, and the war had ended. Vaen looked up at his brother, and nodded at him, grasping his wounds. Vaen tried to apply bandages, but the pain was too great. Talen took Vaen back to their home, where Vaen would rest for weeks to come.

This was the end of the War of the Families. Although it was a great victory for the Swiftar family, it fell heavily upon Vaen, who had no idea that his first glorious kill in battle would be the moment in his life he would have nightmares about for eternity.

With the Stanims no longer a threat to the Swiftar family, they were able to set up businesses all around Minoc. Firal headed these businesses as a front for the family's main income.

Soon enough, the Swiftars had more money than they knew what to do with. With the money, Vaen managed to buy a large piece of land, where he would soon construct his first keep, Talen decided it was time he bought himself a suit that would limit his need for reagents, and Firal purchased himself one of the most powerful ancient smithing hammers known to man.

With a good amount of free time on his hands, Vaen decided that training himself would be the only logical thing to do. He managed to pull himself into the deepest pits of Dunegeon Doom to combat some of the world's strongest monsters in order to improve his swordsmanship.

(Next Book)